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WITH
THE SHIELD

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THE SHIELD

WITH DUSTY

THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE

JOE HIGGINS, IN REALITY THE SHIELD HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO A SAVORING CASE IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY...



A SERIES OF DANGEROUS PLANE EXPLOSIONS HAVE OCCURRED, AND JOE HIGGINS HAS BEEN CALLED IN ON THE CASE. NOW DUSTY AND THE SHIELD ARE PITTED AGAINST THE MASTER CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME - THE HARPSTER!

BY
EYING NEWS

THE PLANE IS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED, AND ALL THE OCCUPANTS ARE KILLED...



SUDDENLY FROM THE CROWD, RUSHES A FRANTIC, TEARFUL BOY!











THOUGHT I MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE! BUT YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF SPUNK!



SO YOUR NAME'S DUSTY HEN REDHEAD?

YEAH! WHEN I GROW UP I WANNA BE LIKE YOU!



YEAH! ANOTHER LIE! I'LL WIPE 'EM OUT ALL CRIMINALS! MADE THAT ALSO I'LL HAVE 'EM GET EVEN! CAME THE FOR MY DADDY DAD!



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO WORK WITH ME-- A BOY DETECTIVE! WELL MAKE A GREAT TEAM!

SEE WHO OH BOY-- "GULP!" YOU BET!



THE SKELETON TAKES HIS PRO-TESTE TO HIS LABORATORY

I FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE IS A UNIFORM, DUSTY.

BOY! THAT'S KEEN!



AND SO EMERGES DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE



AND NOW WE'LL SHAKE AS MAN TO MAN, NEVER TO DISCLOSE EACH OTHER'S IDENTITY!

SHAKE!



TOWERING HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN-TOP AN EERIE CASTLE THRUSTS ITS SPIRES INTO THE DARK SKIES... THE MACE OF THE VULTURE!

A GLOOMY FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CASTLE'S GLOOMY HALLS.



...AND INTO THE VULTURE'S LABORATORY.



I HAVE LEARNED THAT WILLIAM OSWALD IS SCARED! HE HAS THREATENED TO TELL EVERYTHING!

SO OSWALD DOES NOT WISH TO CONTINUE OUR ARRANGEMENT, EH?



HE SHALL LEARN THE LESSON THAT ALL DO: WHO CROSS THE PATH OF THE VULTURE!!



IN THE HOME OF WILLIAM OSWALD, THE MILLIONAIRE...

I CAN'T ASSURE ANY MORE FALSE CHARGES' FEEL THE VULTURE TO DESTROY!!



HE HAS COLLECTED HIS LAST PENNY OF INSURANCE THAT DAY!! NOT BE INVOLVED IN MURDERING PEOPLE!



OSWALD, UNAWARE OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH HOVERING OVER HIM, PHONES THE POLICE...



YOUR CONFESSION, MR. OSWALD, SHALL BE MADE TO YOUR MAKER! YES, HELLO!

HELLO, HELLO! I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE!





THE LIMITED ROLLS TOWARD
ITS DOOM!!



AS THE SAVERS
WITH THE SPEED
OF LIGHT RUNS
TO MEET IT!!



WARRIOR! NOT YOU!
AND HE PROBABLY
HAD IT BACK
LIKE A TOY!!

WARRIOR...HELLO!!

WHILE IN THE VULTURE'S
LABORATORY...



WARRIOR! EXACTLY!
NOW, I THROW THIS
RINGO-ROBO
LEPID, AND...



BROTHER! THAT'S
WHAT I CALL A
CLOSE SHAVE!!



THIS ENGINEER WON'T BOTHER
US NOW, HURRY AND
AHEAD THAT JACK!!

IT'LL JUST
TAKE A
MINUTE!!

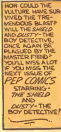


THERE! THEY ARE IN
THE JERSEY ROOM
IN THEY'RE FIGHT!
A RINGO LIKE THE
ONE IN THE PLANE!!









THE COMET

ANOTHER
SMASH ADVENTURE
OF THE
MOST ASTOUND-
ING MAN ON THE
FACE OF THE
EARTH!

TOM BRUMBY IS JUST LEAVING
THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY BLAST,
WHEN...

BLAZE - STARTER

GOT HIM!

UGH!

THE MA BORDON GIRL
REPORTER SEES THE
NEWSPAPER MAN SHOT
DOWN

OH!

TOM! TOM!

DAILY BLAST

GET - STORY - MY
DEPOSIT BOX! KEY -
IN - MY - POCKET!

TOM!
HE'S DEAD!







THE CAR IS WHIRLED AWAY IN THE MURDER CAR.



THE AUTOMATIC
ALARM RINGS
OUT THROUGH
THE PLANT

FIRE ALARM



PERRY CHASE.... PRESS GUARDIAN

ONLY CYNTHIA BLAKE KNOWS THAT PERRY CHASE, SON OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS", IS IN REALITY THE BATTLING PROTECTOR OF THE "FOURTH ESTATE.... THE PRESS GUARDIAN!"



SO THE GOVERNMENT
IS REQUIRING ALL ALIENS
TO REGISTER / GOOD
IDEA!













FU CHANG

International

DETECTIVE



ONE DAY AS FU CHANG AND TRY KING STROLL ALONG A STREET IN CHAK-KU...



A STREET NAME ENDS THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE TO THE SIDEWALK.



RU CHANG HURRIES OFF TO CHAK-KU MISSION...



...AND WALKS DOWN THE LONG, NARROW CANDLE-LIT KORRIDOR, WHERE HE IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE ARROT.



RU CHANG: THIS MOST HUMBLE ONE THANKS THE ALMIGHTY FOR YOUR HONORABLE VISIT!

IT IS I WHO AM HONORED MOST HOLY!



AS HE SPEAKS, TWO GUESTS-ONE ENTER THE CHAMBER-



THIS IS WHY I HAVE SUMMONED YOU! IN THIS PACKAGE IS THE REAL JADE BUDDHA—STOLEN FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES—

MANY YEARS AGO, A FALSE IDOL NOW OCCUPIES ITS PLACE IN THE TEMPLE!



BY TRYING TO REPLACE THIS BUDDHA—AND ATTEMPTING TO REMOVE THE FALSE ONE, HE HAS LOST HIS EYES!



THE PRIESTS OF THE TEMPLE SET UPON HIM...



BY DEVIING HIM A COMMON THIEF...

AND REMOVED HIS EYES FROM
THEIR SOCKETS. THAT HE
MIGHT SEVERE AGAIN GAZE
UPON THE BUDDHA.



YES, FU CHANG, THAT IS THE
TRUE STORY! I TOLD IT TO THE
ABBOT AND HE AGREED WITH
ME THAT THE REAL BUDDHA
MUST BE REPLACED AND
THE FALSE ONE REMOVED!
BUT, THE PRIESTS OF THE
TEMPLE AND OUR PEOPLE
MUST NEVER KNOW THAT
THEY HAVE BEEN WOR-
SHIPING AN UNTRUE
GOD ALL THESE YEARS!



SO, I HAVE CALLED UPON
YOU, FU CHANG, TO
ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK!
YOU FAIL - THE FISH
AT THE HAND
OF THE PRIESTS
IS DEATH -
OR WORSE!

I ACCEPT THE
TASK, MOST HOLY!



BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS
TASK, FU CHANG DECIDES
TO RETURN TO HIS HOME

AND THIS, TAY
MING, IS SUPPOSED
TO BE THE REAL
SACRED JADE
BUDDHA!

I—I FEAR
FOR YOUR
SAFETY,
DELOVED!



LET US
CONSULT THE
GOD OF OUR
FATHERS AND
ASK HIS
GUIDANCE!

THE GOD
AWAKENS,
AND SHEDS
THE LIGHT
OF LIFE ON
THE MAGIC
CHESSMEN.



CREATURES!
AWAKE AND AID
FU CHANG!



FU CHANG AND TAY HING — BOTH TWO OF THE MAGIC CHESSMEN CONCEALED ON THESE PERSONS — SET OUT FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE SEVEN AGES.

BUT WHAT IF YOU FAIL, FU CHANG?

I CANNOT FAIL, TAY HING! THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE IS DEATH!

AS THEY ENTER THE TEMPLE, THE PRIESTS GLANCE AT THEM FOR A MOMENT.

AND CONTINUE THEIR CEREMONY FACING IN FRONT OF THE SHRINE.

UP ABOVE, IN A NICHE IN THE WALL, BEHIND THE OBJECT OF THE WORSHIPERS, THE MAGIC MAN DISAPPEARS.

WHILE BELOW IT — IN ANOTHER NICHE — A MAGIC CHESSMAN SUDDENLY APPEARS.



AS THE PRIESTS AVERT THEIR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT, THE CHESSMAN SPEEDS TO THE NICHE CONTAINING THE IDOL.



HE SIGNALS TO HIS COMPARTNIT BELOW.....



THE SECOND CHESSMAN DISGUISED AS THE BUDDHA — FLIES SWIFTLY FROM HIS HIDING PLACE.

JAM! LOOK, TRY HING! WHAT HAPPENS WITHIN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS—MAY MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH TO US!

EVEN NOW, THE LITTLE MEN OF MAGIC ARE MAKING THE SUBSTITUTION!



THE MAGIC CHESSEMAN GRASPS THE IDOL, HESITATES AN INSTANT, AND....



SPEDS AWAY FROM THE ICE

BELIEVERING THE IDOL AT THE FEET OF HIS MASTER.



ONE OF THE TEMPLE PRIESTS GLANCES UPWARD.

HOF! SACRED MOTHER! WHAT DO MY UNWORTHY EYES DISCLOSE?



THE SACRED BUDDHA—IT IS GONE!

TRULY—THERE IS SOME MISTAKE! LOOK, HOLY ONES! THE BUDDHA IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

THEY'RE INFIDELS! DEATH SHALL BE YOUR LOT!



THE PRIEST CHALLENGES THE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL TRY HING.



AS FU CHANG SPEAKS, THE SECOND CHESSEMAN—DISGUISED AS THE IDOL—SETTLES HIMSELF IN THE NICHE.





Free Tonguin'

THE American cowboy has always born an independent cast in speech as well as action. Though he borrowed and adapted many articles of his picturesque outfit from the Mexican vaquero and took along their Spanish names for good measure, he couldn't be bothered with correct Spanish pronunciation. When asked by a new-comer how he managed to pronounce all the Spanish names of things so commonly used on the Border, an old Texas "brush-popper" replied:

"Pronounce 'em, hell! I jest kinder free-tongue 'em!" So today we have in cowboy language a lot of words of Spanish origin that bear little resemblance to Spanish. For the Texas cowmen not only "free-tongued 'em"—they also "free-spelt 'em."

The vaqueros called a tie rope a *metate* (may cah' tay). All over cattleland today you hear it called a "McCarty." That slim stiff rope woven from the fiber of the yucca century plant is a *mapary* (mah-gwa'y)—but the free-tonguin' puncher calls it "McGay." When the bleached cowboy speaks of an improvised rope halter he calls it a *pequima* (ha-hkee-mah)—so today in the dictionaries you'll find "hackamore" as a good western word for rope halter!

A recent popular movie cowboy song uses "buckaroo" to mean a bucking horse or bronco, but "buckaroo" or "buckaroo" is just the cowboy's way of pronouncing vaquero, meaning "cowboy." "V" sounds and "b" sounds are interchangeable in Spanish. Texas cowboys found it hard to twist their tongues around *cocinero*, the Spanish word for "cook," so they just called it "coose," and "coose" it is to this day.

Asked to name a certain queer-looking brand, a Mexican vaquero shrugged and said "Que a sabe?"—meaning "who knows?" The brand is still known today as the "Ken Savy," because that's the way it sounded to a Texas puncher. The "Dally Welter" wasn't named in memory of some cowboy's sweetie. Sometimes it is called a "dally," and it means the turn taken around a saddle horn with a rope to make it holdable when it isn't tied fast. Back on Border Spanish where it came from it was "*dale vuelta*" (dali-lay vwa'yl-tah) and means, literally, "give it a turn." *Ceballada* (cab-vahd-ya'b thah), meaning simply a bunch of horses, is a right smart mouthful, so in cowboy lingo it's a "cavy."

It would take a book big enough to throw at a bear to list all such cowboy words borrowed, free-tongue style, from the Spanish, but the cowboy isn't the only one who made use of the magical Castilian language to suit his own tongue and ears. Take our beautiful western word "pikanniny." It came to us from Spanish Louisiana. Try saying *pequeno niño* (peh-kay'nyo neen yo), Spanish for "little child," as fast as you can, then free-tongue it a little and see for yourself if it isn't plain old "pikanniny"!

SERGEANT BOYLE



FOR TWENTY-ONE DAYS AND TWENTY-ONE NIGHTS THE CITY OF LONDON HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY POUNDED FROM THE AIR, AS THE NAZI WAR MACHINE PREPARES ENGLAND FOR THE FINAL BLITZKRIEG!



ALTHOUGH FAR OUT-NUMBERED, THE RAF FIGHTS ON AGAINST THE OUTRAGEOUS INVADERS!

MEANWHILE... IN THE BOMB SHELTERS, THE CITIZENS OF LONDON CARRY ON, IN SPITE OF THE INVADERS' FERCEST EFFORTS!



HEAR THAT? NO STUKAS ARE AT IT AGAIN...

IF THOSE GEEKS THINK THEY CAN SCARE US, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER CLASS COMBAT!

WE'LL TAKE EVERYTHING THEY CAN GIVE - THEN FISH IT RIGHT BACK AT THEM!



HO-HUM! SLEEP WELL, BOYLE?

SURE DID THERE...HEY! WHAT'S THIS GUY SO EXCITED ABOUT?



OUR BOYS SHOT DOWN A MEINE! A MOB'S GOT HIM IN THE STREET. I TRIED TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM THEM, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME... THEY'LL KILL HIM!



I WON, THERE! IF A PRISONER WAS SHOT DOWN HE'S A PRISONER OF WAR, NOT BUNGHOLE BAIT FOR A MOB!

IS THAT BEING YOU?



STAND BACK POLICE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MAN!

WE MAY HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION TO GIVE US!



A FEW HOURS LATER

THE MAJOR'S SURE BEEN WORKING ON HIM A LONG TIME!

I WONDER IF HE FOUND ANYTHING



THAT BIRD WON'T SPILL A THING... HE KNOWS PLENTY, BUT HE CAN'T GET IT OUT OF HIM!

MAY I QUESTION HIM, MAJOR? I MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM TALK.



RIGHT, BOYLE, GO TO IT, BUT - REMEMBER, NO ROUGH STUFF! THIS MAN IS A PRISONER OF WAR



HELLO, HENRI! HOW ABOUT BEING A NICE BOY AND SPILLING WHAT YOU KNOW?

HYA, LIMEY... HOW ABOUT TAKING A GOOD HOT BATH FOR YOUSELF?





HOURS LATER, SERGEANT BOYLE IS STILL
BATTLING AGAINST THE MERMAIDS' SEA.

GOOD THING THESE
MINES ARE HERE. I CAN
HANG ONTO THEM
TO REST.

AND STILL MORE HOURS LATER.....

MADE IT.....
GOSH... THAT
SURE... WAS A...
TOUGH JOB...
PUFF, PUFF.

RECOVERING
HIS STRENGTH,
BOYLE STARTS
TO SEARCH
THE COUN-
TRYSIDE.

OH BOY! THIS IS IT!
THOSE TWO SETS
OF TREES MUST BE
RADIO MASTS.

I'LL RUN UP
AND LOOK INTO
THAT FARM-
HOUSE!

WOW - JUST AS
I THOUGHT A
RADIO
STATION!

WOW -
I THINK
I'VE
FOUND
IT!

WHO IS OUT
HERE? SPEAK
QUICK!

HERE I AM!
GLAD TO SEE
ME?

I'LL BE SAFER IN
MY UNIFORM - I
THINK I'LL LISTEN
IN HERE FOR
A WHILE.

HIGH COMMAND CALLING!
GET THE RCMP OPERATED
TANKS ABOARD THE GIANT
TRANSPORT PLANE.
THE FIRST INVASION
FLIGHT IS TO START
IMMEDIATELY!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING!
BE SURE THE RCMP
TANKS ARE ALL SET,
SO THAT THE RADIO
BEAM CONTROL WILL
SET THEM IN
MOTION AT THE
PROPER TIME!

THAT'S
ALL I
WANT TO
KNOW!

YA
YA

THERE GOES THE
FIRST FLIGHT. IN
FIVE MINUTES
THEY'LL BE OVER
ENGLAND!

GRAY, BUDDY! WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE
ROBOT TANKS—WHERE IS
THEIR BEAM CONTROL
TOWER?

I DON'T
KNOW,
NOTHING!

I CAN'T WASTE
TIME WITH HIM—
MAYBE I CAN
STOP THE
PLANE!—NOPE,
IT'S TOO
LATE!

BOYLE LEAVES HIS
PRISONER AND DES-
CENDS INTO THE UN-
DERGROUND AIRPORT!

GRAY! THIS
IS THE LAST
ONE!

BOYLE RETURNS TO HIS PRISONER.

GET READY TO TALK OR YOU'VE
A GONER! I'M PULLING THE PIN
ON THIS GRENADE!

YOU CAN'T
SCARE ME!

HEY! BE I CAN'T, BUT
YOU'RE GIVING A
PRETTY GOOD IMI-
TATION OF IT
RIGHT NOW!

HEY! WAIT! COME
BACK! I'LL TELL
YOU ANYTHING!
EVERYTHING!

DOWN THE ROAD THEN TAKE
THE FIRST RIGHT TURN. THE
BEAM CONTROL IS BUILT IN
A TREE. YOU CAN'T MISS
IT. THE TANKS OPERATE
FROM THERE. THEY
DON'T NEED MEN TO
OPERATE
THEM
GO TO
FIRE—
THE
GUN!

THAT'S NICE TO
KNOW, NOW WAY-
BE IT'LL RELIEVE
A LITTLE. YOU TO KNOW THAT
THERE'S NO FUSE
IN THIS GRE-
NADE, IT CAN'T
EXPLODE!



Lee Sampson MIDSHIPMAN

THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME HAS JUST BEEN FINISHED, AND THE MIDSHIPMEN ARE IN A HOTEL IN PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT TO RETURN TO ANNAPOLIS.



THE SWIRL SCREAM OF A SIREN IS HEARD, AS A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE TO BANDIT'S THRU PHILADELPHIA'S STREETS....



I SHOT ONE OF THE TIRES... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS CAUGHT!



THE BANDIT'S CAR HURTTLES INTO A POLE!



HEY! SONN, HOPPER!

NOT YET, HE ANTY! C'MON LET'S RUN FOR IT!



THE COPS ARE RIGHT ON OUR TAILS! WE GOTTA STEP ON IT!



THERE THEY GO!
DON'T LET 'EM
GET AWAY!
SHOOT TO KILL!



QUICK! LET'S
DUCK INTO
THIS HOTEL
CLIP!



MIDSHIPMAN
SAMPSON AND
JONES CHECK-
ING OUT... IS
THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT...
YOU GET US
A CAB,
SAMPSON!

OHAY
LEE!



LOOK, CLIP... THEM VALISES
ARE JUST LIKE OURS...
THAT MIDSHIPMAN'S
NAME IS SAMPSON... I
HEARD THE CLERK SAY
IT... I GOT AN
IDEA!



JONESON... MIDSHIP-
MAN SAMPSON WANTED
ON THE PHONE!

THAT'S
ME, BOY!



THAT'S FUNNY...
WHO COULD
BE CALLING
ME UP?

IT WORKED...
QUICK!
GIVE HIS
VALISE!



NOW I GOTTA WORK
FAST AND PUT HIS
STUFF IN MY
BAG BEFORE
HE RETURNS







SHIPWRECK APPROACHES
LEE'S ROOM.....



LEE? HEY,
LEE...

GRYFES? IT'S
A WIDIE...
DUCK, QUICK!

MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME.....



NEVER MIND THE HYDE-
CRACKS... GRAB THAT
VALISE AND LET'S
LAM!



LOOK, HOPPER! WE AINT WASTIN'
SAMPSON!

OH? SO
YOU'RE MY
UNCLES?



ODEE?

YOU'VE GOTTA
BE QUICKER ON
THE DRAH THAN
THAT UNCLE
EE!!



HOPPEY, YOU
GOT YOURSE
PUNK?

BOOOH! I'M STILL
GROGHI! HEY! HE'S
GOVINA SHOOT LEE!



SLUG ME WHEN
I'M NOT LOOKING,
WILL YOU? WELL,
HERE'S SOMETHING
FOR
YOUR FAN-
KEY AL-
BUNNY

MAR AND THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ACADEMY COME RUNNING UP....

HERE, HERE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT IS NOW, MAE.

LEE'S
EVERYTHING
ALRIGHT?



WHAT HAPPENED
MIDSWAMPMAN
SAMPSON?
WHO ARE
THESE
MEN?

THESE MEN
ARE CROOKS,
SIR! THEY VERY
CLEVERLY
SWITCHED SUIT-
CASES WITH ME
IN PHILADELPHIA!



THEY DIDN'T THINK I WOULD
DISCOVER THEIR
LOOT IN THIS
SECRET COM-
PARTMENT!



SO YOU SEE, I KNEW
THEY'D COME FOR
THEIR VALISE AND
I WAS WAITING
FOR THEM!

VERY CLEVER, SAM-
SON! BUT HOW DID
YOU DETECT THE
SWITCH? THE
VALISES LOOK
EXACTLY ALIKE!



LEE BLUSHES FUR-
IOUSLY....

WELL...ER... THAT
IS, SIR... I MEAN
...ER...



...ER O'NON
MAE....
LET'S GO!

AN AM/EXCUSE ME SIR... HE'S
TRYING TO SAY HE ALWAYS KEEPS
MAE'S PICTURE ON TOP WHERE
IT WON'T BE DAMAGED! IT WAS
ON THE BOTTOM WHEN
HE UNPACKED!!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!



THE MIDSWAMPMAN NEVER
FAILS TO GIVE YOU YOUR
MONEY'S WORTH IN
READING PLEASURE...
HE APPEARS IN EVERY
ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

KAYO WARD

KAYO WARD, BURNED-UP TO THE WORLD'S HEAVY-WEIGHT TITLE, IS NOW A MOVIE STAR AND HE DOESN'T LIKE IT BUT CONNIE HODGES, HIS FIANCEE, ALSO A STAR, LIKES IT ... TOO MUCH IN FACT, TO SUIT KAYO!

BOB HOOD
and
Amy Dayton



SWELL PARTY CONNIE'S THROWIN' HUH, KAYO?

IT'S THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK, PUNCHY?



I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS KIND OF BUSINESS, PUNCHY! IT AIN'T THE LIFE FOR CONNIE 'N ME!

CONNIE DOESN'T THINK SO, KAYO! WHY DONCHA SPEAK TO HER?



I WILL..... CONNIE, I'M TIRED OF HOLLYWOOD. LET'S GO BACK TO NEW YORK. I'M A FIGHTER-NOT A ACTOR!

WHY, KAYO, YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND!



MAYBE YOU'RE SATISFIED BEING A VULGAR FIGHTER BUT I HAVE A CAREER! YOU'RE JEALOUS, THAT'S WHAT.

CONNIE? HOW COULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING?



LATER



PUNCHY'S OPPONENT SOON STEPS INTO THE RING — A HORSE!



THE FIGHT CONTINUES — BUT NOT FOR LONG —



HOURS LATER



KOFT? KOFT? KOFT! MY WALLET'S VERY PECULIAR, MUST HAVE STUCK TO MY FINGERS —
BARBARA?



MEANWHILE, IN THE ADJACENT OFFICE OF TUPPY BOWEN, FIERY GLAMOR STAR, WHO WATES KNOX.

TUPPY! BOWEN BREAK! IT'S OUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH KNOX!

WHAT EEN EET, BONNIE?



I JUST CAME FROM A CARNIVAL. KNOX'S DUE TO PUT ON AN EXHIBITION GOOT TOMORROW!

WAAA?



SO? KNOX BOB IN CARNIVAL. AN' HAVING TUPPY FEED SO HE LOOK LIKE CHUMP INSTEAD OF CHAMP. NO ONE CAN TWIN TUPPY BOWEN!



NEXT DAY

WELL, I STILL THINK IT WAS THIS PARRY NOT COPIED YOUR WALLET, YESTERDAY!

YOU'D SHOULDN'T SAY SUCH THINGS, PUNCHY!

BARBARA! NOW TAKE YOU ACCUSE ME?



I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT SENATOR POPOFF IS THE SOUL OF HONESTY — WAAA! — DOGS!

(THINK ABOUT KNOX)

LOOK, KNOX! YOUR WALLET'S THE DIRTY CHIVLER!

THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, I'M SURE!



MEANWHILE, BONNIE ARRIVES AT THE CARNIVAL WITH SEVERAL DRIVERS.

ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT TO DO!

DON'T WORRY, SLEEK. THEY'LL CARRY WARD OUT ON A STRETCHER!



AND LADIES, AM GENTLEMEN, I, SENATOR POPOFF, A MAN OF MATCHLESS INTEGRITY, OFFER FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO CAN KNOCK OUT KNOX WARD (KOF, BARBARA, AND FURTHERMORE, ETC. ETC.)



IN KAYO'S CORNER—

CAVES KAYO THEM LOSS COMIN' UP ARE PRO-FIGHTERS—FOUR OF THEM! IT'S A FRAME-UP! YOU CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!

NO PUNCHY
I'LL FIGHT 'EM.

WE'LL TRY TO
WEAR ME DOWN
I GOTTA TRY FOR
A QUICK KAYO

KAYO'S FIRST OPPONENT,
BUCKTOOTH BROWN,
COMES FORWARD.

KAYO'S HUNCH IS RIGHT
BUCKTOOTH BACK PEDALS
FOR THREE ROUNDS.

HAW HAW, HAW!
GETTIN' A LITTLE
TIRED, HUN?

A LIGHTNING LEFT CRACKS
AGAINST BUCKTOOTH'S
JAW— AND CURTAINS!

KAYO'S NEXT TWO OPPONENTS
USE SIMILAR TACTICS FOR SEVEN
ROUNDS BEFORE KAYO CATCHES
UP TO THEM.

[BANG, BANG!]
PUNCH!! I
GUESS I AMN'T
IN SUCH GOOD
CONDITION!

THERE'S SAY-
IN' SUGGEST
BROWN FER
LAST, AND
HE'S GOOD!



YAGOTTA, QUIT,
KAYO! YOU'RE
NEARLY WORN
OUT ALREADY!
YA WON'T BE
ABLE TO STAND
UP AGAINST
THE SLUGGER!

HE CAN'T
QUIT! I... I
HAVEN'T
GOT THE
\$5000 FOR-
FEIT MONEY!



ASHES? LEG-WEARY AND BAT-
TERED, COMES OUT FOR THE
LAST BOUT AGAINST A
FRESH OPPONENT!

WHEN? HARD
CAN HARDLY
STAND ON HIS
FEET? HE'S
TAKING AN
AMBITIOUS
DIPLOMA!



ARNDT KNOCKS SLUGGER GLIMPS.



RUPP'S PLAN IS WORKING PERFECT! ARNDT'S REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED WHEN THE SLUGGER KNOCKS HIM COLD.

BUT ARNDT'S FIGHTING HEART KEEPS HIM GOING. SUNDOWN, AN ELEGANT TRYING ROCKS WITH HIS LAST DUNCE OF STRENGTH.



HURTLER THE SLUGGER ACROSS THE RING INTO THE ROPES...



BUT BEFORE HE GOES DOWN, HE BOUNCES BACK AND BUTTS ARNDT'S EYE!



8...9...10 AND OUT AT THE WINNING! HEY! HE'S FEELING... ARNDT'S HURT BAD! CALL A DOCTOR!



A DOCTOR LOOKS AT ARNDT. IT'S HIS EYE! THAT LAST BLOW INJURED THE OPTIC NERVE! HE NEEDS AN OPERATION IMMEDIATELY!!



ARNDT! I JUST HEARD! IT'S TERRIBLE!



NEXT DAY IN THE HOSPITAL...

PUNCHY TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT FRAME-UP, ARNDT! AND... AND... I'M DISGUSTED WITH HOLLYWOOD, TOO! I WANT TO GO BACK WITH YOU!



GOES? EXCUSE ME?



IN PRODUCER GINSBURG'S OFFICE...



EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD KNOWS YOU TWO RATS FRAMED ARNDT! YOU'RE JOKES! ARNDT ARNDT BUILDS UP TO A RETURN 'BOUT WITH JOE LOUIS IN NEXT MONTH'S APP-COMICS

HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL
DIFFERENT
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

THE **ROCKET**

AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS



IT'S BRAVEPIA, THE WAY THEY HAVE ATTEMPTED TO KILL OFF THESE HARMLESS LITTLE PIGWIDGEOONS!

RELIVING THAT HE WOULD IN THE GROMANS EMPIRE WHO DROVE THE ROCKET BOLOFF IN HIS SPACE SHIP BUT THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS LEARNED OF HIS PLAN AND SIGNED BRANT WITH HIM. HOWEVER, AN ACCIDENT IN SPACE CRASHED THE SHIP TO CRASH ON A STRANGE PLANET WHERE THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN FELL IN WITH THE PIGWIDGEOONS—A RACE OF LITTLE PEOPLE. WHEN THE LATTER WERE ATTACKED BY THE GROMANS, A SACK OF FULL-GROWN MEN, THE ROCKET AND QUEEN COMPULSED THEM—THUS EARNING THE UNDYING GRATITUDE OF THE PIGWIDGEOONS.

I THINK IT'S A GRAND IDEA, GIR ROCKET! BUILDING THIS BOAT!

THE PIGWIDGEOONS ARE CERTAINLY DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT!

NOW THAT WE HAVE SOME FULL-GROWN PEOPLE FOR ALLIES, WE'LL TEACH THOSE GROMANS A THING OR TWO!

WHEN IT'S FINISHED, WE SAIL AGAINST THE GROMANS! THOSE BEASTS MUST BE TAUGHT NOT TO PILE ON THE LITTLE PEOPLE!

ACCORDING TO THESE PLANS, THE SHIP SHOULD BE FINISHED BY NOW!

IT IS, GIR ROCKET! THEY'RE PUTTING ON THE NAME RIGHT NOW! LOOK!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS THAT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH!



OUR ROCKET GUNS, FOOD, WATER, MEDICAL SUPPLIES—EVERYTHING IS ABOARD.

LET'S GO SEE ROCKET! I'M ALL READY!



THE PIGEONHOLE BUGLER SOUNDS OFF, ANNOUNCING THE COMPLETION OF THE "ROCKETEER".



AMID A FANFARE OF BURLS AND TRUMPETS, THE ROCKETEER SLIDES INTO THE WATER.



WHAT'S ALL THE COM-MOTION FOR, LOOF? THERE COMES THE RABBIT CAVALRY AND GENERAL SCHMUTZPUSS!



HEY! STOP!

WAIT FOR ME! HOLD EVERY-THING!







POOR GENERAL SCHMUTZ! I GUESS HE WAS KILLED, TOO!

IT'S ALL PERFECT! MODELESS NIGHT NOW!

OUTSIDE THE CELL, AS THE GUARD DROPE OFF TO SLEEP.

THE GENERAL POPS OUT OF HIS POCKET



CAREFULLY HE UNHOOKS THE GUARD'S KEYRING.



AND THROES KEYRING TOWARDS THE CELL DOOR.....



GOOD WORK, GENERAL! WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HERE!

FOLLOWING GENERAL SCHMUTZ PUES PLAN THE QUEEN AND THE ROCKET BACK TO THE PIRATE CHIEF'S CABIN



YO HO HO, HIK AND A BOTTLE OF RUM, HIK?

WELL, WELL, BLUEBEARD! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT BE IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO REASON!



YOU SEE, WE HAVE NOTHING OF VALUE FOR YOU BUT IF YOU JOIN WITH US AGAINST THE GEOMANS THERE'LL BE BOOTY FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN!

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

IT'S A HIK! GOOD IDEA! I'LL DO IT!

WITH BLUEBEARD AND HIS MEN TO AID THEM THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS—

BENTLEY

of SCOTLAND YARD

ONE DAY, AS SIR
CECIL PARRELL
RETURNS FROM
A STROLL.....



THE RIDDLE OF THE WHIRRING WINGS





AN HOUR LATER...

I'M INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!

COME IN, INSPECTOR! THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME, INSPECTOR! I'M JOHN FARRELL!

IT WAS YOUR BROTHER, THEN, WHO MET WITH DISASTER?

AND I'M BOB FARRELL! HE WAS MY DAD!

EXCUSE ME FOR BEING SO IRRELEVANT, BUT I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING THOSE FISH! I'M A BIT OF A SPORTSMAN MYSELF!

THOSE ARE MY PRIZES, INSPECTOR! I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF THEM!

YOU SHOULD BE, MR. FARRELL! BUT NOW...

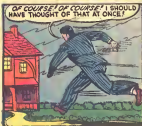
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF TO TALK ABOUT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

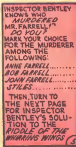
ANNE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE RESTING?

WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAW WHEN YOUR FATHER WAS COMING UP THE WALK? WAS SUDDENL, HE KILLED, CLUTCHED HIS THROAT AND THERE WAS A WHIRLING SOUND LIKE — LIKE THE WINGS OF A BIRD!

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ANYTHING IN-VISIBLE COULD HAVE KILLED YOUR FATHER! HOWEVER, SUCH THINGS HAVE HAPPENED!

I'M GOING TO ASK ALL OF YOU TO GO TO YOUR ROOMS! I WOULD LIKE TO FEEL FREE TO INVESTIGATE THIS IN MY OWN WAY!





BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, INSPECTOR
NOBODY BUT ANNE WAS HEAR MY
BROTHER WHEN HE WAS
KILLED!

THAT'S TRUE
ENOUGH
HE FARZELL!
HOWEVER...

I'M ARRESTING YOU
FOR THE MURDER
OF YOUR BROTHER!

DON'T—DON'T BE
SUCH A FOOL!
HOW COULD I.....

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IN A SECOND! NOW,
WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME BY BRINGING
THE FISHING ROD FROM YOUR UNCLE'S
BEDROOM?

WELL SURE—
BUT.....

NOW—IF YOU WILL NOTICE—THE END OF
THAT LINE HAS RAZOR-LIKE BARBS AT-
TACHED TO IT! I SAW THEM WHEN THE ROD
WAS HANGING ON THE WALL DOWNSTAIRS.
AFTER I WAS ATTACKED I NO-
TICED THAT THE ROD WAS
MISSING!

WHEN! THOSE BARBS ARE
ENOUGH TO RIP ANY MAN'S
THROAT TO SHREDS!

I—I JUST
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!

BUT IT'S TRUE, ANNE! YOUR
UNCLE HERE IS AN EX-
PERT FISHERMAN AND
IT WAS A SIMPLE MAT-
TER FOR HIM TO CAST
THAT LINE AND SHAVE
YOUR FATHER'S
THROAT, AND THE
LINE TRAVELLED
SO FAST, IT WAS
INVISIBLE!

SO THE
THOUGHT
WAS WHIRRING
WAS REALLY THE
WHIR OF THE
"REEL!"

THAT'S RIGHT! THERE ISN'T AN-
OTHER SOUND QUITE LIKE IT—
AND THERE ISN'T ANOTHER
SOUND QUITE LIKE THE ONE
WINGS OF A TEAR DROPPING OUT
FROM UNDER YOUR FEET WHEN
YOU'RE ON THE
"GALLOWES!"

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